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THE POPE AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.—*(From l'Univers.)*

We have received the following from Rome :—An important circumstance has taken place here recently which has produced a deep sensation, but it is perhaps, as yet, but little known to strangers. It is known that the Venerable Archbishop of Cologne, Mgr Droste de Vischering, came to Rome last September. He had felt the need, after a long disputation, of coming and resting himself in the mother country, to seek there near to the common father of the faithful, consolation and enlightenment, and the latter seized, with paternal joy, the opportunity of giving to this Confessor of the Faith, a striking testimony of his high satisfaction. This testimony was not lost upon the illustrious Archbishop. He had hardly arrived when he was received by the Sovereign Pontiff with the greatest honours. It was wished to recompense in his person, religious courage, and it was done with that delicate tact, and that gracious attention, which is found so supremely at the Court of Rome. At the foot of the great staircase of the Vatican, the sedan-chair, which the holy father himself uses, awaited the Archbishop to bear him to the state-rooms. Arrived in the presence of the successor of St. Peter, he was immediately clasped in his arms, and the Head of the Church addressed these solemn words to him—"*Spectaculum factus es mundo et angelis et hominibus propter fidem, et firmitatim tuam.*" "You are become a subject of admiration for the world, for angels and men, on account of your faith and your firmness." Glorious words for the Venerable Archbishop! Sweet and precious recompense, when it is remembered that the words of St. Paul, on the Apostles and Martyrs, are applied to him by the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth. During this interview the holy father did not allow Mgr of Cologne to kneel before him; it was to his heart that he wished to press the noble defender of the interests of the faith and the truth. The greatest veneration surrounded the august voyager: all places and people vied with each other in the number of their testimonials: they congratulated themselves on his presence in Rome: they hoped that he would long sojourn there, that he would fix himself there. His approaching promotion to the rank of Cardinal was spoken of in all circles. Suddenly a report, which was spread amongst the faithful, surprised and afflicted them: Mgr de Vischering thought of departing: his weakened health, it was said, could not endure the heat of the Italian climate. This rumour, at first vague and uncertain, was soon confirmed; the Archbishop, it was stated, had asked an audience for taking leave. In short, a priest was confidentially charged to solicit this audience. Some persons asked this priest, "What reasons can my Lord of Cologne have for leaving us so soon; can the weakness of his health, and the elevation of our temperature be the only causes of fear; do not the honours of the purple frighten him, and by going away does not the humble Archbishop seek to escape them? This motive may have influenced him in his determination, it was replied, but whatever the causes may be, his determination is definitely taken; Mgr quits Italy." At last, the request of the Archbishop was carried to the Holy Father, who replied in nearly these terms:—

"We will not grant the audience to the Archbishop of Cologne, but we will ourselves go to see him before his departure; only he must not be aware of our intention; he must know it only a few hours before our visit;" and the Holy Father fixed his visit for the next Sunday, at 5 o'clock. His holiness was to set off on the Monday for Castle Gandolfo. The priest returned to the Archbishop, and, faithful to the secret which had been confided to him, told him only that, according to his desire, he should see the Holy Father before his departure, but of the hour and the day he would be subsequently informed. The time for the journey of the Pope being known, Mgr de Cologne fixed his own departure accordingly, and waited with anxiety for the audience which he had solicited. Several days elapsed, but no reply from the Vatican; the Archbishop became uneasy and anxious: he could not understand this silence. The Sunday, the eve of the journey of both the holy father and himself, had arrived, and nothing had transpired. He said, sadly, to his confidant, "If I am not received to-day by his holiness, I shall have the pain of going away without seeing him, for to-morrow he quits Rome, and we ourselves must set off." Let not your highness be distressed; I can assure you that the day will not pass without your being at the feet of the holy father. But the calmness of the confidant did not suffice to tranquillize the illustrious traveller, whose distress increased as the time drew on. At last, noon approached, when the ambassador might speak confidently, and the Archbishop learnt that the Pope would be with him at 5 o'clock. His holiness had desired to take him quite by surprise; however, fearing that he might thus cause him too much confusion, he consented that they should notify his intention, but only so that the Archbishop might be able to prepare himself for the visit, and, if he wished, put on his canonicals. At this news, Clement Augustus burst into tears. * * * * Here we stop. We will not attempt to raise the veil which covers this last and solemn interview. What passed between the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the Confessor of the faith? God only, and his angels, were witnesses of it; but every one of the faithful will appreciate the touching sublimity of this step of the Chief of Christianity, and of this distinguished favour granted to the prisoner of Winden. In going to pay a visit to the Archbishop of Cologne, in rendering to him an honour reserved for crowned heads, the holy father has given, in the face of Europe and of the Church, the highest recompense which he could obtain; and the Archbishop, in returning to Germany, in order to avoid the purple, offers to the world another example of self-denial, of nobleness, and Christian dignity.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

"Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger," is a maxim which ought to be engraved on every heart. It is not that a temporal recompense always follows good actions, for God, who sometimes loads the wicked with riches and honours, is pleased to prove the just; He surrounds them often with disgrace and contempt, to see whether emulating holy Job, they will say, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." But even in the midst of prosperity, the wicked feel that gnawing worm, remorse of conscience, and a fear of the future, which must bring the punishment of crime, of talents wasted, of time for ever lost; whereas the just, even in the depth of adversity, taste a peace which the world can neither give nor take away. They are animated with a tender confidence, because they only aim at loving God more perfectly, who is purifying them in the fire of adversity, that they may become fitting vessels for the Master's use.

Yet even in this world God very frequently gives a reward to the good. Riches, in themselves, are not an evil; it is the bad use to which we too commonly put them, that makes them snares for our salvation. For this reason the wise fear more than they covet them, seeing their possession is so often the rock on which virtue is wrecked. But these reflections make me wander from my subject, which is to relate a practical illustration of the maxim—"Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger."

Bernard had inherited a considerable patrimony, and a share in a lucrative and flourishing mercantile concern, to which he attended with unremitting assiduity. His speculations were successful, and every one rejoiced at it, for he was never known to swerve from the strictest principles of probity and honour. He was liberal in alms-giving, and never feared to run a little risk, when by so doing he could be useful to a friend. His younger brother, a dissipated and extravagant fellow, calculated on these dispositions. After having lost at play and in every kind of debauchery, the fortune left him by his father, he contracted debts, and when they became due, he in an unfortunate hour forged a draft purporting to be a sum owing him by his brother, which his creditor accepted without hesitation.

About this time the wife of one of Bernard's friends came to him one day, and besought him to become security for her husband, who otherwise must be reduced to the greatest necessity. She brought with her four little children, whom Bernard was accustomed to fondle; and their pleading innocent looks made him almost forget that the half of his fortune would be sacrificed, should their father be unable to meet the demands upon him. "I am godfather to the eldest of these little ones," he said to himself; "and I have no children of my own to injure in case I should lose by becoming security; and besides, enough will remain for me even should the half be lost." He accordingly assented to the poor lady's request, and the happiness he bestowed was for him an ample reward.

Time rolled on, the bill became due, and his friend was unable to pay! The creditor presented it to Bernard, who paid it without a murmur. "I have still more than I want," said he to himself, "why should I be cast down because of this loss?" He was about to retire when the creditor stopped him. "You forget, Sir," he said, "that there is still another bill to settle."—"There must be some mistake," replied Bernard, "for I know of no debt."—"Look at this!" said the other, and he presented him with the forged bill. A cold sweat bedewed his forehead when he recognised the forgery, and knew too well who had done the deed! But a moment's consideration showed him the abyss into which he would plunge his brother if he exposed the forgery; and what was wealth to him, if retained at the expense of his brother's dishonour being made public, to say nothing of the punishment attending upon his crime? "I had forgot!" he calmly replied, and immediately discharged the debt, and tore the bill. In the eyes of the world he had consummated his ruin; for all he possessed was gone; but never before had Bernard felt himself so profoundly happy, never had his heart been so light, never had he breathed so freely as at that moment when he had sacrificed himself for others. He raised his head, which had been bent low upon his bosom, his brow was radiant with joy, he looked at the creditor who had stood watching his varying emotions, and beheld large tears rolling down his cheeks; it was the homage paid by Nature to Christianity! The creditor knew all, he had discovered the forgery some weeks previously, he had sent for the unfortunate and guilty young man, expostulated with him on the enormity of his crime, and found him contrite and penitent. He supplied him with funds, and sent him off secretly to America, in the hope that his future life would redeem the past. This gentleman was without near relations, and he had long been looking out for some worthy individual to adopt for his heir. He had thought of Bernard, but determined before deciding to put him to the proof in the affair of the forged bill. He was satisfied, more than satisfied! "You believe you are beggared," said he to

Bernard, "but you are a richer man to-day than ever you were before; my fortune is yours, I adopt you for my heir! will you be my son, dear Bernard!" said the old man, opening his arms. Bernard rushed forward to embrace him, while his guardian angel whispered in his ear, "Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger."

Another illustration of this maxim may not be uninteresting to my readers. Peter was the son of an honest French peasant, who lived on the banks of the Moselle; when he was eighteen years of age, his father was obliged to send him to Paris, to gain his livelihood as a carpenter. "Poverty," said the old man, "imposes on us painful separations; you go to Paris to find work, you will be exposed to many temptations; but remember the lessons of your mother, who has always shown you an example of virtue; remember that though you are parted from your earthly parents, you have a Father in heaven, you have a mother in the Blessed Virgin, who never forsakes those who are devout to her. I have lived sixty years in our village, and no one could ever blame me for a dishonest or dishonourable action. Peter, my son, you must not shame your parentage! Adieu!" and so saying the old man took a hasty embrace, and Peter, with a rather heavy heart, set out on his route to Paris. He turned more than once to take a farewell look at his native village; and when the church spire only was visible, he took off his hat and reverently bending his knee as he looked towards the spot where his Saviour rested on the altar, he besought Him to give him strength to resist all temptation and persevere to the end. At length Peter arrived in Paris; the journey had nearly exhausted his little stock of money, but he carried a letter of recommendation to a master carpenter, who immediately employed him. He was young, but he was willing, and he soon gained what enabled him to send some presents to his parents, and to his little sister Marie a nice white frock to wear on the day of her first communion, which she would be sure to offer for her dear brother Peter. His heart thrilled with joy when he thought of her happiness, for he remembered his own on the day when his Saviour God first communicated himself to him. But this God saw it good to try Peter with adversity. His master was ruined by some unforeseen misfortunes, and all his workmen were dismissed. Poor Peter! he could send no more presents to his cottage home, and that was the first thought that grieved him. His confidence in God however was unbounded, and God rewarded his confidence by putting it to a hard proof: his faith was to be strengthened and purified in the school of misfortune. One day that he had traversed the streets of Paris seeking in vain for work, he became very faint as he crossed the Tuilleries, and had just time to throw himself on a chair, or he would have fallen to the earth. The woman who kept the chairs did not perceive him, he might have gone away without paying, and he was very poor! but said he to himself, "If the woman lack vigilance, that is no reason why I should lack probity; God sees me, that is enough;" and he called the woman and gave her the two sous. As he pursued his way he was overtaken by an omnibus, when suddenly a wheel gave way, and down it came with a tremendous crash. A man who was passing at the moment was thrown down and severely hurt. Peter raised him up and assisted him into a cabriolet, which stood near.

Scarcely had he driven off when Peter observed a piece of paper on the ground, and picking it up, found an order for five hundred francs. "How can I return this to the owner?" was the first thought that passed across his mind.—"Where are you going with that dreamy look?" said the voice of James, one of his late fellow workmen, who lodged in the same house with him. Peter had always been reserved with this man, for he knew little of him, and his father had warned him not to make acquaintances too hastily. "No work to be found yet, eh?" continued James. —"You know Paris," said Peter, "could you tell me how I can discover the owner of something I have found?"—"What," said James, "would you look for the owner of what fortune has thrown in your way! is it a ring or a watch? do you fear discovery?"—"No," said Peter, "but I fear God, and must restore what does not belong to me."—"What have you found?" said James.—"A bill for five hundred francs," replied Peter.—"Good," said James; "some gambler has lost it as he came out of the gaming-house, or some rich merchant has dropped it out of his pocket-book; you would be a great fool not to keep it."—"It is not mine," said Peter.—"At any rate," said James, "you are entitled to a handsome reward for finding it." Peter went straight to the Bank, but it was shut for the day, and when he returned to his lodging, he found James had informed his landlord that he had met with some good fortune, and the man immediately attacked him and insisted on being paid for the last month's lodging. Poor Peter! he had nothing but the five hundred francs! The suggestions of James came to his mind, "it is doubtless the money of some rich man who will never miss it." Alas! poor Peter!

Meanwhile M. Bonard, the proprietor of the billet, was a prey to the deepest distress. When he was thrown down by the omnibus he had the

billet in his hand, but the pain he suffered from his fall made him forget every thing, and it was not until he got out of the cabriolet that he missed the money. He was the owner of a shop, the rent of which was due next day, and having lately experienced some heavy losses, he had no more money to pay; for he had drawn from the Bank his last five hundred francs. With what sorrow did he look at his wife and children! He durst not tell them his loss, but they soon saw that something untoward had occurred, and at length he was obliged to confess the truth. "Some honest person may yet find it!" he said. —"The will of God be done!" replied his wife, "you have been saved from an accident which might have cost your life, and every other evil seems light in comparison."

Next day towards twelve o'clock, a knocking was heard at the door. "Ah!" said M. Bonard, "it is our landlord I fear, and there is no money to give him!" His wife, with a trembling hand opened the door; for a moment her confidence in God had failed her. It was not the landlord—it was a friend who had been sent as a forlorn hope to the Bank, and who had there found Peter, who now accompanied him, and presented the five hundred francs to the delighted and grateful family. "I cannot conceal from you," said Peter, "that I had some temptation to retain the money, and I do not deserve the applauses you bestow on my honesty."—"You do deserve them," said Madame Bonard, "no one need be ashamed of a temptation overcome."—"Thank God I did overcome it," said Peter. "I should have fallen had I not remembered, 'what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul;' and all the lessons of our good priest came back to my mind so forcibly that the temptation vanished."—"Your honesty has been tried," said the friend of Bonard, "and I have no hesitation in recommending you to be porter in the Bank where you but now returned the billet. The situation is a lucrative one, and if you continue to behave as you have hitherto done, your advancement is certain." "Do what is good, and thy reward will not linger."

A SCENE ON THE NILE.

The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters were they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle; nay, even the vulture and the eagle had swept past, or soared above us in security. At length the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore. R—— was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their gashly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, "He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim." I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface "A hundred piastres for the timseach!" I exclaimed, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, and the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession.—*The Crescent and the Cross.*

GOD AND JESUS CHRIST.

The God of the Christians is not a mere maker of geometrical truths and of the elements, as Pagans would hold. He is not merely a God who employs his providence over the life and property of men, that he may grant happy years to those who adore him, as the Jews held. But the God of Abraham, of Jacob, and of the Christians is a God of love and of hope: a God who fills the soul and the heart which he favours: a God who makes them feel within themselves their wretchedness and his own infinite mercy: who fills them with humility, gladness, hope, and love: who makes them unfit for any thing but himself.

The God of the Christians is a God who makes the soul feel that he is its only good; that it can only rest in him; that it can have no gladness but in loving him: and who, at the same time, makes it hate the hindrances which keep it back and weaken its love. The self-love and lusts which clog its upward flight are hateful to it. God himself makes it feel that it is clogged by this self-love, and that he only can cure it.

If a man deceive himself in thinking the Christian religion true, there is no great harm done; but if he deceive himself in thinking it false, what a misfortune is his!—Pascal.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CATHOLIC SUFFERING.

BISHOP GIFFARD TO DR. THOMAS WITHAM, OF PARIS.

Jan. 30th, 1704. *O. S.*

Dear Sir,

I have not had a line from you or Mr. Shelby *(Dr. Bethem, of Paris)* these four months. The last from him was at the beginning of October. I have writ several to you both, but whether they came to you, I know not. Mine to Mr. Everard, *(Dr. Paston, of Doway)*, and his to me, go very safe.

Your friend, B. G. *(Bonaventure Giffard)* remembers himself very kindly to you both, and bids me tell you, that he has had many trials of late, both public and private, and has sufficiently experienced that of the Apostle: *foris pugnæ, intus timores.* After having appeared several times before the judges, and at the Old Baily, on the 8th of Dec. was to have had his trial; and as he could expect nothing else, but to be condemned to *Hurst Castle*, or some remote prison for his life, so he had prepared accordingly, having, as he told me, resigned himself entirely into the hands of Providence, and finding in himself great comfort, to think that he should end his life in a prison. And in order thereunto, he had settled all his little affairs relating to others. But the night before the trial was to be, there came to him several persons of all states and conditions, who told him, that they having consulted together, 'twas the unanimous judgment and advice of all, that he should not appear, but rather forfeit his recognizance. This was a great surprise to him, and filled his mind with various and very anxious thoughts. But having no time to consult others, or to reason things within himself, he was forced to yield to the advice then given. Next morning, therefore, he withdrew into a private solitude. I was with him at his taking leave of some few friends; but never beheld so much trouble and concern in his countenance as then:—and he told me, all the prisons he had been in, and hardships he had suffered, gave him not the tenth part of the trouble he then experienced. Since, I understand he is better since he finds all people approve of the advice given him, and thence concludes, 'twas what God required of him in the present circumstances. He is forced as yet to lie very quiet; but hopes in some time to see his friends again. He remembers himself very kindly to you; and bids me tell you, if you would understand his present condition; you must read the several epistles St. Cyprian writ, whilst he remained much in the same circumstances, after having withdrawn from Carthage into a private retirement. I shall be glad to hear from you, or Mr. Shelley; and you may write to Mr. Everard.

I am, yours,

J. L.

BISHOP GIFFARD TO * * * *

Oct. 29th, 1708.

Dear Sir,

I told you formerly how I was obliged to quit the little poor garret I had at the Venetian ambassador's. This was at the end of April. About the end of September I was reinstated in the said habitation; things being accommodated betwixt the two states, and the ambassador being like to continue. But now again, all on a sudden I am forced to remove, the ambassador being recalled home, and next Monday shuts up his chapel, and retires into private lodgings. These frequent removes are very troublesome to one of my age, and encumbered with such a vast variety of affairs. The lodging was poor, and very inconvenient; yet being a place where I could with security see persons, and transact business, I was pretty easy. Now I know not where to fix my tabernacle. As to myself, I can be amongst friends and relations in the country, with much ease and comfort. But where to find a lodging in London, such as I may admit people to with security, and transact business, I cannot tell. I do all I can, and suffer a great deal; having no certain abode, but forced sometimes to change lodgings four times in a week; and once lodged at four different places in four days' time. One poor garret is palace, cathedral, table of audience, dining-room, bed-chamber, and often, kitchen also. I thank God, this is my glory and my joy; and could I be permitted to preach to my flock, I would not change my condition for that of the greatest Cardinal.

B. G.

Simple Mode of Purifying Water.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A tablespoonful of pulverised alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the time) will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single teaspoonful.

EXTRACT FROM SEGNERI'S SERMON

IN DEFENCE OF

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

I KNOW not, my dear auditors, whether you have ever observed, that from the moment Christ appeared amongst men, their opinions with regard to Him were so divided, and their feelings so discordant, that, if we may so speak, none adopted a middle opinion. His admirers exalted Him to the stars, his enemies depressed Him to the abyss. Some adored Him as the Son of God, others abhorred Him as a child of the Devil. Some flocked to hear Him as a prophet, others rushed to seize Him as a madman. Some wished to crown Him as a king, others conspired to stone Him as a criminal. Some proclaimed Him a saint, others stigmatized Him as a blasphemer. He was the love and delight of some, the scandal and horror of others. And, as St. John remarks, there was always great dissension among the people on his account; "and there was much murmuring among the multitude concerning him." For some said, "He is a good man; and others said, No, but he seduceth the people." Let no person, however, be surprised at this. Such (if we reflect attentively), has ever been the fate of all great things: to please no person partially—but to excite extreme love or extreme hatred. Whether it is, that the human mind is fond of opposition, and, therefore, unreservedly condemns whatever others unreservedly extol; or whether it is, that objects of great esteem, are likewise objects of great envy; or whether it is, in fine, that ordinary things are like a half-extinguished fire, which but slightly warms the chill, and scarcely incommodes the warm—whereas great things are like a great flame, which by the very same virtue invites the shivering to approach and compels the warm to fly. But the fact being certain, how obvious is the reason why the Religious Orders have always had the same fortune as Christ, their first Head! Among their members they have had many illustrious men, and, therefore, it is not strange, that as they have had many devoted friends who would draw the sword in their defence, so they should have relentless persecutors who wage against them an eternal war. Should have, did I say? Is it not a fact, that on this very morning when I come here to speak of them—it is my lot to address an audience split into two great parties, one favourable, the other opposed to them. Do not imagine, however, that I despair; because, as I promise myself a favourable hearing from their friends, so do I expect the same even from their enemies, convinced as I am that their hostility arises rather from an error in the understanding, than from contumacious malice in the will. Give me, therefore, I implore you, your undivided attention, that you may see I lay down nothing but what is reasonable. And that you may have the greater confidence in me, attend to what I am going to say. This morning I renounce the studied precautions of oratorical art. Orators are generally accustomed to win the favour and enlist the sympathies of their audience, by artfully removing from themselves the suspicion of any special affection or private interest in their cause, and by professing their pure benevolence and disinterested zeal. But far from me these precepts, unworthy of a candid soul. I, for my part, do most openly proclaim, so that all may know it, that I am about to speak on a subject on which I am all passion—all interest. I intend to prove that all religious, no matter of what order, are entitled to the greatest reverence. But be on your guard—believe nothing but what I shall make you see with your eyes and feel with your hands. Pay no respect to the weight of my authority—but weigh the strength of my arguments. This I certainly do require at your hands, that if my reasons when well considered satisfy you, you shall not persist in prizing them less because they come from the lips of a religious, than if you had heard them from the lips of a layman.

Mind—I suppose you are true Catholics, ardently zealous for the glorious exaltation of our holy church; because, if you are not such, I confess you ought to hate nothing more cordially than the monastic orders—for they have been at all times the objects of the rage of heretics, who in their writings against them, like mad dogs, snarl and howl and pour out the loathsome venom of their fury. Supposing, then, that you are true Catholics, so far should you be from harbouring malevolence or rancour of any kind against the religious orders, that, on the contrary, you should hold them in the highest veneration, for they have mainly contributed to place the church on that pinnacle of splendour, glory, and majesty, on which you behold her to-day. At this moment she receives, as you know, the homage of the most distant nations, and rivalling the dominion of the sun, she has children beyond the limits of his track. But when, lost in admiration, I proceed to inquire who has brought so many worlds to her obedience? I find that they were monks—men who sometimes struck out new paths in search of unknown worlds to subdue to her sceptre. Tell me, I pray you, who converted France to the faith? St. Remigius; who converted Sueria? St. Martin; who Tessandria? St. Lambert; who England? St. Augustin; who Friesland? Wilfrid; who Germany? St. Boniface and Ludger; who Saxony? St. Suitbert and St. Willibrod? who Bohemia? St. Cyril

and Methodius; who Dacia? Ascarius; who Pomerania? St. Otho; who the Vandals? St. Nallino; who Pannonia, who the Russians, the Lithuanians, the Moscovites, and, above all, the Poles? St. Adalbert. These were all members of monastic orders, these were the men who courageously succeeded the apostles in the laborious conquest of the Universe, and won the glory of the apostleship by its dangers and its fruits. But if those orders, the principal object of whose institutions were contemplation, solitude, and silence, brought over so many provinces to the faith, I leave it to yourselves to judge what those have done whose profession devoted them to the public good, as much as to the work of their own salvation. I do not mention Ireland converted by St. Patrick, a Canon regular; Tartary, that owes so much to the disciples of St. Dominic; Persia, the theatre of the labours of the sons of the great St. Francis—tell me, is not the conquest of the New World, extensive as it is, the glory of the mendicant Friars? and if any honour has redounded to the church on receiving ambassadors from the remotest extremities of the earth, from Japan hitherto unknown, from China hitherto inaccessible, has it not been procured by the labours of our humble Society of Jesus, which though more recently established, and less widely extended, has already equalled the glory of all those more extended, more ancient, and more respectable orders; which, like veteran armies, have been to us an exhortation and an example for noble enterprise.

Consider in the next place, that of whatever was eminent and glorious in the church of God, more is owing to persons selected from the cloister than to any others. And in the first place it is certain that of the eight principal Doctors, four Greek and four Latin, not less than six were religious. Three of the Greeks, Basil, Nazianzen, and Chrysostom; three of the Latins, Gregory, Jerome, and Augustin. Theology in all its branches, whether dogmatic or moral, boasts no oracles of greater fame than Peter Lombard, master of the sentences, Alensis the irrefragable, Albertus the Great, Thomas the angelic, Egidius the firm, Ricardus the authoritative, Henricus the solemn, Alanus the universal, Scotus the subtle, Aureolus the eloquent, Herveus the acute, Mairon the illumined, Occam the ingenious, Bacon the resolute, Ariminensis the authentic, Capreolo the solid, Dionysius the ecstatic, Victoria the incomparable, and (if I be allowed to add those) Suarez the profound, Vasquez the powerful, and were not all these members of religious orders? Where has sound scripture found its most faithful interpreters? where canon law its most illustrious expounders? where the spiritual life its most experienced masters, if not in the cloister? Heresy is enraged on finding, that as often as she has attempted to renew the battle, so often has she at length been discomfited and compelled to retreat and lurk in the abyss. But who amongst all were the most vigilant in discovering it, the most courageous in opposing, and the most successful in conquering it, if not the religious orders? And remark, I pray you, for it is most worthy of your attention, that whenever a new sect of heresy arose to assail the church, there arose on the other hand a new family of religious to sustain the church, like a sacred militia held in reserve by Heaven for her defence. Thus with the Arians in the east sprung up two religious orders, that of Antony in Egypt, and that of Basil in Cappadocia—and with the Arians in the west two others also, that of St. Augustine in Africa, and that of Benedict in Italy. Against the Eutychians arose the followers of Seba the abbot, and against the Iconoclasts arose the disciples of abbot Jannicius. Immediately after the Greek schism, to repair that loss, arose the orders of Cluny, of Camaldole, of Vallombrosa, and shortly after the Carthusians under St. Bruno, the Cistercians under St. Bernard, and the Premonstratenses under St. Norbert, appeared to rejoice the church agitated by the frightful tumult of the Nicolaites. What shall I say of the Dominicans and Franciscans? Is it not evident that they repelled the fury of the Valdenses, the Albigenses, the Hussites, the Flagellants, and a whole rabble of heretics of every brood that had adulterated all truth and profaned all religion? and, finally, have we not the authority of a pontifical decree, declaring that our order was raised up to crush the arrogance of the Lutherans and Calvinists, who endeavour to revive all the ancient heresies—not indeed, that our order has great merit or great virtue; but that the victory may be more signal when such terrible Goliahs are subdued by humble Davids. And certainly it is evident, that the discomfiture and destruction of heresies, is more to be attributed to religious than to any others; for wherever heresy found no religious, or succeeded in destroying them, there she has always perverted, there she has conquered, there she has triumphed, and there she has erected her firmest throne, as is the case (alas! how fatally) in England, once the Lyceum of wisdom, now the den of error. But let us proceed. By whom were those lay confraternities that diffuse such blessings through our cities, by whom were they founded but by the two great orders of friars; by St. Dominic who founded that of the rosary, and by St. Bonaventure who founded that of the banner. Who consecrated themselves by the most solemn obligations for the redemption of captives? Who devoted themselves by indissoluble vows to the service of the sick? and who make it their duty

at all times to apply themselves most ardently to teach, to confess, to preach, to chant the psalms, to pray, if not those very Religious, in whom this sacred repose is now charged as a crime.

But what argument more evidently proves the immense good done by the Religious, than a consideration of the ample privileges granted to them by the Holy See, the exemptions, the graces, the faculties, the rich endowments, the magnificent monasteries, and the highest testimony of honour in having many of their members raised to the first dignities, dignities which they not only did not seek (as was often the custom), but which they either refused with tears or even avoided by flight. Are not all these proofs the most convincing, and declarations the most expressive, that the church has never had ministers more indefatigable, more faithful, or perhaps more efficient than the Religious? So that, to speak my mind plainly, I really do not know whether those dignities conferred more honour on the Religious, than the Religious on the dignities. Certain it is, that if we consider the ecclesiastical offices even of the very highest order, we shall find, that seldom have they been discharged with greater innocence, or with greater zeal, than when they were in the hands of men raised from the obscurity of the cloister. And first, with regard to Bishops, this is clear; for among them few (especially from the time religious orders arose), few were found outside the cloister, all qualifications considered, to equal a Basil, a Gregory of Nyssa, a Chrysostom, a Nazianzen, an Epiphanius, an Augustin, a Fulgentius, a Martin, a Malachy, an Anselm, an Antoninus, and many others who exchanged the monastic cowl for the Pontifical mitre. Then, in Cardinals, if we consider either learning or sanctity, which are, as it were, the two pillars of the church. If we consider learning, who amongst them was more celebrated than an Egidius, an Ostiensis, a Panormotanus, a Hugo, a Turrecremata, an Aureolus, a Bessanan, a Cajetan, a Toletus, a Bellarmine, all of the religious profession? And if we consider sanctity, I need only remark, that from the tenth century, the period at which that august Senate began to rise notably in esteem and authority, there were not less than fifteen Cardinals honoured as Saints, though all were not equally generally known. Four of these were not of any religious order—namely, Allertus, and Berardus the former, Bishop of Lugi, the latter, Bishop of Mani, and two great Archbishops of Milan, Galdinus and Charles. But all the others certainly were religious, namely, Peter Damian, a Benedictine hermit, Anselm and Matthew, monks of Clugny, Stephen and Hugo, monks of Cistellus, Raymond Nonnatus, of the charitable order of the Redemption of Captives, Thesaurus Bernard, Bishop of Parma, and Peter Igneus, monks of Vallombrosa, and finally, Bonaventure, the great pillar of the Friars Minors, and Gicarino, the brilliant light of the Canons Regular. The Vatican purple, therefore, has not faded by its contact with sack-cloth and serge. But what shall I say of the Roman Pontiffs? perhaps the Religious could not figure amongst them with reputation and glory. What think you, then, of a Gregory the Great, whose name alone is his panegyric? What of a Gregory the Second, who deprived the Emperor Leo of the Empire, and compelled him to retire shamefully to the East? What of a Gregory the Seventh, who also deposed the wicked Henry, and made him a suppliant suitor at his feet? What of an Agatho, who emancipated the Popes from the homage which they paid the Emperors for consecration? What of an Urban the Second, whose zeal nobly rescued the Holy Land from the yoke of the Saracens? What of a Leo the Fourth, in reverence for whom England spontaneously made herself a tributary of the church? What of an Alexander the Third? What of a Pascal the Second? What of a Pius the Fifth? and what of so many others, fifty in number, who though not so eminently distinguished for learning, or sanctity, or noble enterprise as those already mentioned, yet were nearly so, and not even one of them stands charged with those faults or irregularities in morals, and that feebleness in government, which are imputed to a few other Pontiffs of those disordered times. I am not addressing persons this morning, on whom I could pass tinsel for gold, or fiction for truth, and even though the sanctity of the place in which I stand, and the sacredness of the duty which I discharge, could not deter me from lying on a matter of so much moment, yet should I be deterred by the presence of men versed in all branches of learning, sacred and profane, with whom assurance alone could not stamp currency on falsehoods. What say you, then? can any of you charge me with inaccuracy in any of these propositions I have advanced? are they not all clear, palpable, indubitable? And if they are, whence comes it that you who are so zealous for the glory of holy church, should have so little regard for those who procured it—imitating the Egyptians, who loved to have numerous, fruitful, and well tended flocks—and loved to feed on their milk, and loved to clothe themselves in their wool—but at the same time, abhorred as unclean the poor shepherds who toiled for them.

Good kind of men, without religion, make me tremble with their perilous virtue, like rope-dancers without their balance-pole.

SYMBOLISM OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"In contrast to this *(the writer has just been showing how strongly 'a Pew-rented Episcopal Chapel' symbolises 'the spiritual pride, the luxury, the self-sufficiency, and bigotry,' of its congregation)*, let us close with a general view of the Symbolism of a Catholic Church.

"Far away, and long ere we catch our first view of the city itself, the three spires of its Cathedral, rising high above its din and turmoil, preach to us of the most Holy and Undivided Trinity. As we approach, the Transepts striking out crosswise, tell of the Atonement: the Communion of Saints is set forth by the Chapels clustering round Choir and Nave: the mystical Weathercock bids us to watch and pray, and endure hardness: the hideous forms that seem hurrying from the eaves speak the misery of those who are cast out of the Church: spire, pinnacle, and finial, the upward curl of the sculptured foliage, the upward spring of the flying buttress, the sharp rise of the window arch, the high-thrown pitch of the roof, all these, overpowering the horizontal tendency of string courses and parapet, teach us, that vanquishing earthly desires we also should ascend in heart and mind. Lessons of holy wisdom are written in the delicate tracery of the windows: the unity of many members is shadowed forth by the multiplex arcade: the duty of letting our light shine before men, by the pierced and flowered parapet that crowns the whole.

"We enter. The triple breadth of Nave and Aisles, the triple height of Pier Arch, Triforium, and Clerestory, the triple length of Choir, Transepts, and Nave, again set forth the Holy Trinity. And what besides is there that does not tell of our Blessed Saviour? that does not point out 'Him First,' in the two-fold Western door: 'Him Last,' in the distant Altar: 'Him Midst,' in the great Rood: 'Him Without End,' in the monogram carved on boss and corbel, in the Holy Lamb, in the Lion of the tribe of Judah, in the Mystic Fish? Close by us is the Font, for by regeneration we enter the Church: it is deep and capacious; for we are buried in Baptism with Christ: it is of stone; for He is the Rock: and its spring cover teaches us, if we be indeed risen from its waters with Him, to seek those things that are above. Before us in long-drawn vista are the massy Piers, which are the Apostles and Prophets: they are each of many members, for many are the graces in every saint: there is delicate foliage round the head of all; for all were plentiful in good works. Beneath our feet are the badges of worldly pomp and glory, the charges of Kings, of Nobles, and Knights: all in the presence of God as dross and worthlessness. Over us swells the vast 'valley' of the high-pitched roof: from the crossing and interlacing of its curious rafters hang fadeless flowers and fruits, which are not of earth: from its hammer beams project wreaths and stars, such as adorn heavenly beings: in its centre stands the Lamb, as It had been slain: from around Him the celestial Host, Cherubim and Seraphim, Thrones, Principalities, and Powers, look down peacefully on the worshippers below. Harpers there are among them harping with their harps; for one is the song of the Church in earth and in heaven. Through the walls wind the narrow cloister galleries; emblems of the path by which holy hermits and anchorets whose conflicts were known only to their God, have reached their Home. And we are compassed about with a mighty cloud of witnesses: the rich deep glass of the windows teem with saintly forms, each in its own fair niche, all invested with the same holy repose: there is the glorious company of the Apostles: the goodly fellowship of the Prophets: the noble army of Martyrs: the shining band of Confessors: the jubilant chorus of the Virgins: there are Kings who have long since changed an earthly for an heavenly crown: and Bishops, who have given in a glad account to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. But on none of these things do we rest; piers, arch behind arch; windows, light beyond light; arcades, shaft beyond shaft; the roof, bay beyond bay; the Saints around us: the heavenly Hierarchy above, with dignity of pre-eminence still increasing eastward, each and all lead on eye, and soul, and thought, to the image of the crucified Saviour, as displayed in the great East Window. Gazing steadfastly on that, we pass up the Nave, that is, through the Church Militant, till we reach the Rood Screen, the barrier between it and the Church Triumphant, and therein shadowing forth the death of the Faithful. High above it hangs, on his triumphal Cross, the image of Him Who by His Death hath overcome death: on it are pourtrayed Saints and Martyrs, His warriors, who, fighting under their Lord, have entered into rest, and inherit a tearless eternity. They are to be our examples, and the seven lamps above them typify those graces of the Spirit, by whom alone we can tread in their steps. The screen itself glows with gold and crimson; with gold, for they have on their heads golden crowns; with crimson, for they passed the Red Sea of Martyrdom to obtain them. And through the delicate net work, and the unfolding Holy Doors, we catch faint glimpses of the Chancel beyond. There are the massy stalls; for in Heaven is everlasting rest: there are the sedilia, emblems of the seats of the Elders around the throne: there is the Piscina; for they have washed their robes and made them white: and there, heart, and soul, and life, and all, the Altar, with its unquenched lights, and golden carvings, and mystic steps, and sparkling jewels: even Christ Himself, by Whose only Merits we find admission to our Heavenly Inheritance. Verily, as we think on the oneness of its design, we may say: *Jerusalem ædificatur ut civitas cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.*"

"CRUDELIS HERODES!"

FOR EPIPHANY.

AH! ruthless Herod! why should fear
Thus in thy jealous bosom rise?
HE seizes not on kingdoms here
Who grants the kingdom of the skies.

Forth sped the Magian Kings—while bright
The star of mystery lur'd their view;
'Twas thus they sought the Fount of Light
And own'd Him God with off'rings due.

Behold! the Lamb of Heav'n, to-day,
To touch the limpid wave goes down;
Thus, cleansing us, He cleans'd away
The guilt-spots that were not His own.

Oh! wondrous Power!—a conscious blush
Hath ting'd the waters ruby red!
From them He bade the wine-stream gush,—
The wine-stream gush'd—the waters fled.

To Thee, O Lord, be glory given,
Whose light so brightly shines to-day,
And to the Eternal Sire of Heaven,
And to the Holy Ghost, for aye. Amen.

A.

THE BLACK LADY.

(Continued from page 317.)

CHAPTER II.

THE PICTURES.

On their return home, the two children entreated uncle Conrad to examine the pictures for them, and tell them which of the two he considered the prettier. Conrad put on his spectacles, looked at them, and then said:

"They are both very beautiful; but really, I would rather hold myself excused from determining such an important question as the one you propose to me. You each seem pleased with your own, so let that satisfy you."

"Well then, uncle, tell us what is meant by the three children whom St. Nicholas is blessing," said Eugene.

"St. Nicholas was Bishop of Myra, the capital city of Lycia, an ancient province of Asia. It is related of him, that when three young virgins were exposed through distress to the danger of falling into vicious courses, he, for three successive nights, conveyed to them through the window, a competent sum of money for a fortune for one of them; and so they were all portioned, and afterwards happily married. This good action shows what a charitable soul the Saint possessed, and how great was his love for young people. And this is the reason why St. Nicholas is called the patron of the young, and why presents are made to little children upon his feast."

"I am very glad that I have learnt this history," said Eugene; "and when I go back to school next winter, I'll take care to let all my companions know it too."

"And now, uncle, please tell me all about St. Catharine," said little Annette.

"St. Catharine was a virgin, very learned and very virtuous. Rather than renounce the Catholic faith, she suffered martyrdom, and died in the greatest torments. You see, my children, how much she loved Jesus Christ, since she preferred death to all the advantages that were offered to her, if she would renounce His holy religion. Every Christian ought to be ready to do the same. Baptism obliges us all to the same fidelity towards our Divine Master; we ought to resist sin, and be prepared to suffer any thing rather than offend God wilfully in any manner. But there are other lessons, which we learn from these little pictures. We each of us bear the name of a saint: I am called after St. Conrad; you after St. Eugenius and St. Anne. The Catholic Church, our mother, had an object in view in giving us these names. In the first place, she wished to put us under the special protection of one of these happy souls. For they, being already admitted into heavenly glory, can protect us and plead for us before God, as a Friend and as a Father. Her second object was, that in the life of our patron Saint, each of us might have a model; and so being guided by the virtues of the Blessed, we might follow in their footsteps, and do the good they did before us. When we see the picture of a Saint, we ought to call to mind, that the person represented there became holy by the same means that are proposed to us. They avoided sin and practised virtue. My children, you are yet too young to understand how great is the sacrifice which God calls for from each one of us; but you will understand it better as you grow older. In the mean time, remember that the only end for which you have been put into this world, is to please God and to love Him: and that the only means by which you *can* please God, is by leading a life of piety and virtue."

The two little children listened attentively to these words of their uncle: they looked at their pictures once more. Eugene made an immediate resolution to imitate the charity of St. Nicholas, and to do good to his companions whenever opportunities occurred. But Annette was silent: what she had heard made her sad and sorrowful. St. Catharine's wheel seemed to be turning her head. Conrad perceived her sadness, and asked her the reason of it.

"I dare not tell you," said she, wiping away a tear that was trickling down her cheek.

"Don't be afraid, my little child," said the uncle. "I will not blame you. Come, tell me."

"I suppose," said little Annette, "in order to get to Heaven, we must suffer like St. Catharine. And then that wheel!"——

"The wheel terrifies you, I suppose. No, no, my child; do not suppose that the only way to Heaven is by suffering martyrdom. That would be quite wrong. There are a thousand other ways of showing our love for Jesus Christ. The Church enjoys peace at present, and the blood of her martyrs has now

ceased to flow: the faithful are not for that reason shut out from Heaven. You may, for instance, show your love of God, by supporting a sickness with patience—by enduring any other suffering which He may think proper to send you—by putting up with an injury—by returning good for evil—by pardoning your enemies—by comforting your neighbour—by giving alms according to your means—but above all, by subduing pride and the other passions and evil desires of your heart. This is the direct way to Heaven. And later on in life you will find that every day produces fresh opportunities for practising all these virtues. Therefore, you may dry up your tears. You escape one kind of martyrdom; but instead of it, you undergo a thousand others. And this, my child, is the condition of all Christians."

These words encouraged the little girl, happy in having no longer to dread St. Catharine's wheel. Soon after this, they took their frugal supper, and the children after saying their night prayers, retired to rest. Annette dreamt the live-long night of pictures, *the Black Lady*, the Terrible Castle, and the Wheel; and the vision of Father Morand with his breviary and staff, passed before her imagination more than once. She cried out many times during her sleep. This her uncle attributed to all that Annette had heard and seen during the previous day. And he was right. N. G.

VILLAGE LIFE IN FLANDERS.

Our object, as my last letter will have acquainted you, in making an excursion "into the interior," was to find out the dwellings, *if any there were*, of the common people, and the small farmers—I do not know whether there are any big ones in these parts. In a few miles, we came upon one village, or rather collection of *cottages*, shall I call them? they were built of brick, and covered with tiles. The men were at dinner, and the women busied in the usual household affairs—winnowing the new corn by a sort of simple winnowing machine—scutching flax after the primitive fashion, which I recollect to have seen practised in my boyhood. The food appeared to be a sort of greasy pottage, with potatoes or coarse bread. I am bound to say, that I did not observe any meat; but it might have been in the pottage pot, as it would not be pretty on my part to appear prying. But you must remember, that the people of the continent, and particularly in this sweltering weather, are not meat-eaters, such as John Bull is, when he can, and Paddy would be if he could. Another thing I am bound to acknowledge, that I saw more bare-footed wenches and boys this day in the fields, than I did since I came to the continent. Dirt I did see, too—but no squalor—no misery. The children, for the most part, are fat, ragged—no, not ragged, but scantily clad, and saucy. Indeed, it would be hard to bear clothing in such weather—only one must wear something. As to the cottages, they were clean and very neat. The look of the dressers, with their tin or pewter vessels, and some of them of copper, would have done your heart good, but for the reflection which they suggested, of the wretched and desolate hovels at home. In this little homestead there was a collection of eight or ten houses, with their cow-sheds, pig-sties, offices, and little barns, the value of which would have purchased *Sally Noggin*, the village above Kingstown, ten times over—although the latter is at least ten or twelve times more populous. I need scarcely add, that there was a great abundance of domestic fowl, cackling and strutting about. I did not see the pig. I take it for granted, that he was confined, like every other animal in these parts, to his own chamber. I should add, that all these cottages had each its little garden, consisting of vegetables and fruit trees, and though this is no vine country, of the vine, which is cultivated with a view to the table. Proceeding a little farther, our horses and ourselves felt not a little thirsty. We encountered a sort of an *auberge*, at which it was signified over the door in Flemish, that there was entertainment for man and horse, and moreover, that shoes were made on the premises, by the proprietor, who was a member of the gentle craft. While the horses were taking a warm drink, we went in to slake our thirst, if so be, with a draft of Belgian beer. The apartment was neatness itself—the platters and dishes ranged in the most showy order upon the dresser. But what struck us as remarkable, and was certainly an unexampled sight at such a domicile, was a large vase of gold fishes on the counter, within which in a smaller one, was a beautiful bouquet of flowers. You cannot think what a striking effect this simple contrivance produced—enchanced, no doubt, by the simplicity of the place we saw it in. I cannot say so much for the beer. It was what they called in Connought *spoutraugh*—swipes—and was absolutely intangible. There was no grumbling, however, at our refusal of the beverage.—*Letter in Dublin Evening Post.*

ELEGANT HABITS OF BEES.

Did any one ever sufficiently admire—did he, indeed, ever notice—the *entire elegance* of the habits and pursuits of bees? their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest and least adulterated odour; their avoidance of every thing squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of it from the hive, as in the instance of carcasses of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet, and delicate neighbours, thymy places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid and adhesive a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patrician or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to any thing purely regarding themselves, apart from the common good? * * In the morning the bee is honey; in the evening, the waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden, or in the window; in the winter, and at all other times, a meeter of us in books. She talks Greek to us in Sophocles and Theocritus; Virgil's very best Latin, in his Georgics; we have just heard her in Italian; and besides all her charming associations with the poets in general, one of the Elizabethan men has made a whole play out of her—a play in which the whole *dramatis personæ* are bees!—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

GOOD THINGS FROM THE CALENDAR;

OR, FACTS AND THOUGHTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND STUDIED DAILY.

January 12*th.* ST. ARCADIUS, MARTYR.

This holy martyr suffered in Mauritania. In a violent persecution, in which the faithful were compelled to assist at superstitious sacrifices, he withdrew to a solitary place, serving Christ in watching and prayer. Learning that one of his relations had been seized in his stead, he left his retreat, and presenting himself before the judge, he declared that he was ready to die for Christ. The governor, in a rage, ordered his limbs to be cut off joint by joint, which was cruelly executed; the martyr with invincible patience and courage *presenting his body a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing to God,* repeating these words: "Happy members, now dear to me, as you at last truly belong to God, being all made a sacrifice to Him."

January 13*th.* ST. VERONICA, VIRGIN.

She was the daughter of poor, but pious parents, who filled her heart from the cradle with sentiments of virtue. From her infancy she applied herself to prayer, and was very attentive to the instructions given in the catechism. She was so obedient to her parents, and so humble and submissive to her equals, that she seemed to have no will of her own. She was always diligent at her work, saying, "I must work whilst I can, whilst I have time;" but, at the same time, was careful to sanctify her work, whether in the house, the garden, or the fields, by offering it up to the glory of God, and frequently raising her heart to him, and thus she made her whole life one uninterrupted prayer. She died in the fifty-second year of her age, in 1497. *Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do; do all to the glory of God.*

January 14*th.* ST. HILARY.

He was brought up in idolatry, but being converted to the Christian religion, he was most zealous to confirm others in the faith, and to encourage all to virtue. He was chosen bishop of Poictiers in 353, and became one of the most illustrious defenders of the faith against the Arians, who, fearing his zeal and eloquence, procured his banishment into Phrygia. During his exile he composed several learned works, and boldly defended the faith against the Arians of the East, whom he challenged to a public conference. The Arians fearing the result, persuaded the emperor to send him back into Gaul, where he was received with every demonstration of joy. After having repaired the evils occasioned by his absence, he finished a pure, but persecuted life, by a holy and tranquil death in 368.

January 15*th.* ST. PAUL, HERMIT.

St. Paul, the first hermit, a native of Thebais, lost both his parents when he was but fifteen years of age. During the persecution of Decius, he fled into the deserts that he might have the undisturbed liberty of serving God; relishing the sweets of heavenly contemplation, he resolved to return to the world no more. Here he passed the remainder of his life in a cave near a palm-tree, which furnished him with raiment and food. For the last sixty years of his life, he was, like Elias, miraculously fed with bread, brought to him by a raven: shortly before his death he was discovered by St. Antony. He died in the hundred and thirteenth year of his age, having spent ninety in the desert.

January 16*th.* ST. MARCELLUS, POPE.

St. Marcellus was priest under pope Marcellinus, whom he succeeded in 308. By his zeal in enforcing the canons of holy penance, he drew upon himself the contradictions and persecutions of many tepid and refractory Christians. He was banished by the tyrant Maxentius, and died in 310. God is wonderful in his saints, and makes every thing serve his purposes for the sanctification of his servants. Some he sanctifies on thrones, others in cottages, others in retired cells and deserts; others in the various functions of an apostolic life, and in the government of his church. But sufferings are the portion of all; for, says the apostle, *all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.*

January 17*th.* ST. ANTONY.

He was remarkable from his childhood for his temperance, attendance at church, and for his obedience. Desiring to become more perfect, he sold his estates and gave the money to the poor: he retired into solitude, where he was grievously tormented by the devil, whom he overcame by his humility, fasting, and prayer. He was the founder of the monastic institute, and lived among his brethren an example of all virtues, and died in the hundred and fifth year of his age. St. Antony, to lead his monks to perfection, was accustomed to inculcate the necessity of self-examination every evening; exhorting them to spend every day as if they knew it to be the last of their lives, having death always before their eyes, and continually advance in fervour.

January 18*th.* ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

St. Peter having founded the see of Antioch, and governed that church about seven years, repaired to Rome, the capital of the empire of the world, there preached the faith and established his episcopal chair, whose successors the bishops of Rome have been accounted in all ages. It was an ancient custom observed by churches, to keep an annual festival of the consecration of their bishops. Christians justly celebrate the founding of this Mother-church, the centre of Catholic communion, in thanksgiving to God for His mercies on His Church, and to implore His future blessings.

THE venerable sister Mary Villani, on the festival of St. Francis, for whom she had a great devotion, had the following vision: The saint appeared to her, and conducted her to a lofty place, the most beautiful she had ever seen. In order to enter within, it was necessary to climb over four very high walls, which, as the saint declared to her, signified four degrees of perfection. He made her climb over the first wall, in which she found great difficulty, and he told her that this was the first degree of perfection, called purity of conscience, which bordereth upon angelical purity, when the soul becomes as a little child of three or four years old, and enjoys a pure and holy serenity, and does not ever think ill of the actions of others, nor cares to hear any thing of what does not belong to her proper condition, every thing else appearing to her foreign to her purpose. He then made her climb over the second wall, saying to her, that he that hath reached the state of purity of conscience, is rendered capable of prayer and of true love, which is the inseparable fruit of prayer; and here he discovered to her the qualities of the true lover, which are, to be pure, simple, detached, and firmly rooted in the truths of the one only God, who cannot communicate himself but to those souls which have the aforesaid purity. Then he made her climb the third wall, which is that of the cross and of mortification, saying to her, that from purity and love the soul passes on courageously to take up the cross on her own shoulders, and to be crucified; and that in order to arrive at this state, it is necessary to acquire four principal virtues: to wit, a true mortification of all vices and of every earthly affection; a perfect poverty of spirit through which one tramples under foot all temporal goods; a living death, with which dying to oneself and to all the affections of sense, one lives in a total annihilation, transformed into the image of our crucified Lord, so that one can say, "vivo ego, jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus." I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me. The soul having once come to this state, she appears to herself to have an absolute sway over the world, and she supports sufferings and crosses in such a manner, that she appears to herself no longer capable of feeling them, so sweet and light are they unto her. The fourth wall, concluded the saint, is the state of true and perfect union.

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